311 UNCULTIVATED--stong (waste land); tha (land which is only temporarily uncultivated).

556 /165/ URN--samáwár. The Russian combination tea-pot and urn.
415 A cylinder for holding charcoal, passes through the centre, and the tea and water are put in and boiled by means of this charcoal. These urns are much used by the well-to-do people of Ladák, especially when on a journey.

426 USURER--phar-zákhan. The Indian and Kashmiri traders of Leh do
792 not do much in the way of money-lending. The people seldom borrow anything but grain, and this they usually borrow from the monasteries. The Indian bazar rates of interest prevail in Ladák. For money, one anna per rupee per mensem is the usual charge, and for grain "sowái" is paid, that is to say, for every four parts of grain borrowed, five must be repaid at the time of the next harvest.

562 /166/ VEIL TO--yola kap ches (general); rdongyol kap ches (the
292 face). Tibetan ladies do not ordinarily wear veils, except in the case of the ex-Raja's wife, who is supposed, when she appears in public, to wear a veil, called "SHokSHok," which is made of silver wire and studded with pearls and turquoises.

577 /167/ VIRTUE--geywa. The ten chief virtues, as defined by the
779 Buddhist scriptures, are the abstaining from (1) killing, (2) stealing, (3) fornication, (4) lying, (5) abuse, (6) idle talking; (7) calumniating, (8) avarice, (9) mischief, (10) heterodoxy.

574 VISIT TO--jal la chha ches (when the inferior goes to visit the
554 superior); jal la yong chuk ches (to receive the visit of an
195 inferior); thuga chha ches or thuk ches (when the visit is between equals); thuga yong chuk ches (to receive the visit of an equal).

VISIT--jalches (of an inferior to a superior); thukches (between equals).

VISITOR--jalkhan (of inferior rank); thukkhan (equal in rank to the person visited).

862 /168/ WEAN TO--peebee chat ches. Ladákis don't wean their children till they are two, or even three, years old.

564 WEAVER--thakkhan. There is no "weaver caste" in Ladák.

286 /169/ WIDOW--mórangmo. But see "Marriage," "Divorce," and
589 "Remarriage."
601

and laid k'atags (greeting ribbons) before the images of the gods. 000

/130/ On the first evening of the festival there had to be the 527 baba dumpling made of barley flour and mixed with butter and sugar, 262 as a part of the meal. Mother Tsering Putrid prepared it with her own hands, for, she said, nobody knew how to make them the way she had learned to make them from her mother. At supper the steaming, fragrant giant dumpling was then placed between the celebrants who were crouched on carpets on the floor. The master of the house made a hole in the middle, at the top, by means of a spoon, and into this Tsering Putrid poured melted butter. (133). Then the master of the

133. A similar custom is to be found in Sweden where a flour dish appears on the table at the New Year's eve dinner. This dish has a hollow at the top into which melted butter is poured. Compare note 37!

house was the first to break off with his little brass spoon a piece of the dumpling, --followed by all the others. Each dipped it into the butter, and soon the loud smacking of lips betrayed how well the baba tasted to all.

Everywhere from the king's castle to the hut of the small-holder 527 they celebrated, depending on their wealth they ate well and plentifully, and--the men--drank even more, they gathered for singing and dancing, for polo playing and horse racing. Everybody gave himself over to unbridled gaiety.

In one of the first years after his marriage Namgyal received a 527 letter. The letter was from the Gyalpo, the grandson of the king of 574 Ladakh, who was dethroned in 1840 and who lived in a castle on the other side of the Indus River across from Leh, and who there lived on a small state pension and large reminiscences from the time of his once mighty forebears. The letter contained an invitation to him from the "Ruler without land" to celebrate the festival in Leh with him and the galons, lonpos, and other great men. The king in his epistle addressed the young Dragshos with "No" (younger brother); he, as the offspring of the noble race of the Dragshos, whose valiant sons had once performed great services for the land of Ladakh and one of whose offspring had once been offered the royal hat, should not be absent from the festivities in Leh. The custom had existed, since the days of his forefathers, that the king celebrated the New Year's festival in Leh surrounded by his grandees and that he prayed together with them for

527 the well-being of the country and of the people.

574 Namgyal at first had very little desire to comply with the invitation. In the past few years his father had been in the habit of declining the same invitation under the pretense that as village magistrate he was unable to leave his post for such a long time. The real reason was /131/ that he knew from experience that this participation was an expensive matter. The great festivals in the royal palace in Leh cost a lot of money, and the king was totally unable to meet these expenses from his own modest income. Therefore, his "grandees" who had the honor to take part in the festivities, had to make considerable contributions. It even happened that after the celebration the royal pockets were so completely depleted that his "majesty" would approach one or the other of his noblemen for a loan, for the repayment of which the person concerned would then have to wait an extremely long time. Many of them had had bad experiences in these matters. One of them, for instance, had had to be contented with a very emaciated little ox as repayment for a considerable sum of money that he had lent. But finally Namgyal allowed himself to be persuaded by some friends and by his ambitious grandmother to go to the festival at Leh after all. It was, he was told, an honor for the house of Dragshos and for entire Lower Ladakh if he was gathered together with all the grandees around the king. After all, the lonpo from Domkhar, who was related to him, was also taking part. Finally, Namgyal himself wanted to experience for once the festivities days in May, of which he had heard so much. Perhaps, so he thought, he might even learn something from them.

574 Thus, shortly before the beginning of the celebrations Namgyal rode to Leh in two days. In Leh he moved in with a distant relative. On the evening of the first holiday, the 28th of the tenth month, he saw, for the first time, the illumination of the town; the houses at the foot of the mountain on which the castle was situated, and along the southern slope of the same, the castle, and the monasteries gleamed 709 in the shine of thousands of little lamps lit to celebrate this lamaistic "ascension festival," something which made a great impression upon Namgyal.

527 The following morning at the bazaar he met about twenty Tibetan gentlemen of nobility, galons, lonpos, and higher officials. on horseback, who were just about to fetch the king for the celebration of the festival. Namgyal, likewise on horseback, joined them. A

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CHAPTER 11

HORSES, MULES, YAKS, AND MOTI

484 492 The ideal way to travel Central Asia is by horseback, unencumbered by any pack train. That is the way the Tibetans and Ladakhis travel. They ride the small Tibetan horse that stands about ten hands high, has husky shoulders and small feet, and possesses great endurance. The natives travel for weeks on end in this way. They have no pack animals to slow them down. Their only baggage is what they carry in saddlebags 416 or in the roomy pockets of their heavy wool coats. One of them 484 will have a pot and another a small wooden churn for mixing 514 *gur gur cha*. Each will carry a bowl, usually one of wood inlaid with silver or gold. Indeed one who travels Ladakh or Tibet without a bowl usually gets no food when he visits another's camp. The guest is supposed to hand the host his bowl if he wants the hospitality of the camp. These fast Tibetan or Ladakhi travelers carry salt, tea, butter, and flour in small woolen bags. They make fire with flint rather than with matches, and the fuel is usually the low *dama* bush that burns even when green.

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eventually led to the combination of both spiritual and temporal power in the Dalai Lama. The Yellow Hats met with reverses in Tibet. The Sakya, or Red Hats, were in favor with the King. The Yellow Sect was losing its political support. But in Mongolia the Yellow Sect was supreme. The fifth Dalai Lama conspired with Gusri, King of Mongolia, in the seventeenth century for Gusri to invade Tibet. Gusri conquered Tibet and made Tibet over to the fifth Dalai Lama (actually Talai Lama, meaning Great like Ocean). Since that time, the Dalai Lama has had both the spiritual and temporal power in Tibet—an autocratic power that probably no other nation in the modern world has known. Each succeeding Dalai Lama has been a Yellow Hat. And the theory evolved that Tsongkapa, founder of the Yellow Sect, was the reincarnation of the first national King of Tibet and that the latter was the reincarnation of Chenrezi, the Tibetan deity who is the Lord of Mercy. The temporal power of the Dalai Lama was thus traced back to temporal sources of power.

The Dalai Lama exercises his temporal power. Half of the regular civil service of Tibet are lamas, half laymen. The government posts are usually held by two or three men—a lama and a layman, two lamas and one layman, one lama and two laymen. There usually is no division of work; they are colleagues who act jointly; they are used as checks on each other.

That night at the Sankar Monastery we talked of these things. We talked of the great possibilities of Communist control of this highly centralized spiritual and temporal power. As we talked, we sat cross-legged on the floor in Bakula's room.

We had come to Sankar at night through rocky lanes that wound across vast barley fields. Lamas met us with torches at the high front steps of the monastery. They bowed low in greeting and then scampered ahead as they led the way through a labyrinth of dark hallways. We climbed rough, stone steps; we passed through stone corridors where the flares cast weird shadows; we stooped low to enter doorways; we passed through dark rooms,

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•574 close with stale air; and finally we emerged into a room of abun-
792 dant light. Bakula was there to greet us. His dais was against one wall, raised about two feet from the floor. Against another wall was a bookcase behind whose glass doors I could see beautiful Buddhas, exquisitely bound books, colorful idols. Bakula sat opposite us on a cushion. In front of each of us was a small table. Bakula's table was higher than mine; mine was higher than Rahul's. Thus were the requirements of protocol met. A barefoot, scraggy lama appeared and placed food before us. There were many vegetables, all highly seasoned except the boiled rice. Bakula did not eat. He has but two meals a day, morning and noon. He did not even participate in the dessert—fresh apricots and tea. But while we ate, he talked. And most of the talk concerned Communism.

000 Bakula is short and wiry with deep-set eyes, high forehead, and a sharp-beaked nose. He is a quiet, introspective, scholar type of man in his early thirties. Bakula is a *geshes*—a professor of the University of Lhasa, where he spent twelve years poring over ecclesiastical texts. He seems to be the born teacher. But these days he is in active politics. He is a member of the Constituent Assembly of Kashmir and greatly concerned with the necessities of social reform in Ladakh. These days Bakula gives a great deal of his time to public and secular activities. He is learned in worldly affairs as well as in the Scriptures. He has studied Communism and knows the way Soviet imperialism uses it to extend its domain. He knows its history and understands its techniques. He has learned how Communism operates, the fronts it uses, the propaganda it spreads, the frictions it seeks to develop between rich and poor, its hatred and suspicion of the church, the system of terror it employs to advance its ends.

Bakula wanted to know about Communism in the United States, its strength in the labor movement, its placement in government, its power in the Army and Navy, the number of its adherents. He wanted also to know how strong Communism was

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the wild red currants, now ripe, are wonderfully sweet to the taste. Then look up to right and left, and see the great slabs of cliffs, rising absolutely straight up from the river for over 1,000 feet; or, where they lean at all, the slope is inwards. Behind them are further tiers. Beyond, more cliffs, rising up to a similar height, look just like huge stalagmites, the formation of cliff and stalagmite together often suggesting one of nature's wonderful cathedrals with its many spires. The Ladaki would people them with his *lhas* (spirits), which he certainly believes inhabit the stalagmites.

At last we turn a corner and our hair might turn grey too, for the natural road stops abruptly at one of these perpendicular rocks, on to which human hands have built a kind of rough scaffolding. On every little projection from this rock stones have been merely laid to the desired level, and not even cemented with mud. Jutting out from the rock are beams ; how they have been fixed in it is impossible to say, and resting on these more beams parallel with the cliff, and finally, to give a firm footing, slabs of rock. Why the whole crazy structure does not topple down is past comprehension. The doctor, wishing to be whole in order to render first-aid to the Padre should calamity over-take him, crosses over first, to feel peculiar sensations up and down his spine as he watches his colleague follow after him. Even the horses seem to realize their precarious position, and press close up to the cliff. Having safely traversed this piece of road, we are not surprised to see a *chorten* and a *mani* wall, though still miles away from human habitation, for even the Ladaki must feel he needs a special safeguard for such a perilous passage.

From now our road descends until we reach Hanupata, where, although the onset of rain threatens to damp our welcome, the villagers make up for it in the heartiness of their greeting. The *mGopa* or headman begs us to come and rest in a "very nice room" of his house until our luggage

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arrives, and leads us thither up crooked rocky lanes, through dark alleys, up ricketty ladders, and under low portals, which give rude shocks to our heads or topees. This "very nice room" with its mud walls is about 15 ft. by 18 ft. in size, while its low dirty roof just above our heads, has been stained a beautiful shining mohagany by years of smoke, a process being continued by a fire at the further end, whose acrid fumes, most painful to the eyes, fill the room. To the left a nice large verandah admits fresh air, and appears to be the only clean spot in the room, not excepting our travel-stained selves. While the water for our tea is being boiled, the family produce a black rug, woven from sheeps' hair, and place it on the floor, so that we may both sit and "lay our table" upon it. The family, vastly entertained and entertaining, sit around, consisting of father, son, son-in-law, and one or two ladies whose relationship is not precisely ascertained. We tell them of the road already traversed; they tell us of joys to come. The old grandfather, or *Meme*, is specially interesting as he sits on the verandah, wearing a peculiar type of hat of a fashion only retained by a few of the oldest inhabitants, though still part of the ceremonial dress at weddings. Like a very elongated tea-cosy, it is doubled over to one side in the middle, has a turned-up brim, and was introduced by King Senge Namgyal. The old man is smoking his pipe with such enjoyment, that we are constrained to inquire as to the source of his tobacco, for such relish can hardly be credited to the old metal pipe. He replies that he has gathered the fragrant leaf from the hillside. The Padre having a fellow-feeling with this smoker gives the old man some of his own "Country Life" tobacco to sample. He fills his bowl, and his face lights up as he puffs away at the wonderful new concoction, and assumes a beatific contentment. Taking out his pipe, he surveys it with a smile, for who could have believed even that old friend could have produced such a delightful inhalation.

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Asked how he was enjoying it, he replied that if he smoked much more he would become intoxicated.

Having refreshed ourselves with tea, and the rain having ceased, we go to look for a good camping spot, and fix on a field already harvested. Soon our luggage arrives, and the ponymen tell us that for four miles they had to unload their ponies and carry the loads themselves. Fancy carrying a heavy tent over a bad road for four miles! Two of the ponies had fallen down the steep hillside with their loads tightly bound on their backs; but, fortunately for them, these were bedding and tents, so they did not hurt themselves seriously, and, fortunately for us, they just stopped short of the water, so we had dry beds that night. This part of the road has been described somewhat in detail, and, although all is perfectly true, yet it is not so bad in the actual going as it sounds, for one is much too occupied with the next step to worry about potential accidents, and it is only in prospect or retrospect that the perils of the road appal.

Early next morning we are off again, and soon come to the inevitable pass. Here the many marmots provide interest by announcing the coming of a stranger with a shrill policeman-like whistle, as they sit at the doors of their burrows. They are remarkably tame, for the Doctor stalked one and actually touched him with his stick as he disappeared down his hole, only to reappear a few minutes later. He was then about to reach his hand out to stroke him, but was warned by his Ladaki *zhabzhi* (foot-helper) that they bite hard. When travelling in another direction some weeks before this, my companion's dog noticed a marmot running hard for his hole. "Bunty" managed to head him off and bowl him over, biting him hard in the abdomen, but nowhere else, for friend marmot was a sportsman. He sat up on his hind legs held up his fists in the approved boxer fashion, and kept "Bunty" at bay. We were able to walk right up to the combatants, when, seeing the marmot was badly

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Tibetan friends prefer rancid butter, but in Ladak at any rate, those who can afford to be so are most particular that the butter shall be fresh, never melted previously, and without a strong smell. The resulting concoction to us tastes more like soup, and few Westerners can stand more than one or two cups without disastrous results. For the Tibetan on the other hand it is one of his staple foods, its butter helps to supply the carbo-hydrates which he so rarely takes in the form of sugar, though he gets plenty of starch from his uncooked barley-flour, mixed with water or tea. The fat also warms and sustains him in the bitter winter, and as this separates out if allowed to cool but slightly, his cup is supplied with a metal lid and saucer if he moves in better circles, and his wife or attendant constantly adds hot tea as soon as there is any room to fill up. In this way over twenty cupfuls may be taken at one midday meal. For us it is a very trying custom when we visit our Ladaki friends, and we have to explain that, just as much of our tea (fortunately for us !) upsets them, so our internal economy can only deal with a small supply of their favourite beverage ! Another difficulty for us is to sit cross-legged on the floor for so long, and, although we know it is bad manners to stretch out legs, eventually when stiff knees or needles and pins become intolerable, we have to ask our host or hostess to excuse the position. To return to the fireplace —we find the seats of election are on the side of the stove opposite the bellows, for here is a little trough into which the hot ashes are pushed through from the other side, as aeration necessitates. Squatting cross-legged on mats round these hot embers, which can be constantly raked over with a rough fire-spoon or even the hardened fingers of our native friends, we can stretch our hands out over the warmth, and renew the glowing vitality by occasionally leaning over to give a few good blows. This cosy corner is, of course, the warmest at night, and given to either the weakest or most distinguished member of the household. The Doctor Memsahib once had

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The Doctor Memsahib once had 757
the privilege of coming upon a family unawares just at dawn in the middle of winter. She had been called out to a case in a village, nine miles from Leh, the last two miles of which had to be done in the dark, that is by snow and starlight, and she and her Ladaki nurse were glad to walk over the frozen snow a little to keep their feet from freezing. Already icicles stretched from upper to lower eye-lashes, and whiskers, formed by the frozen moisture of their breath, adorned their mouths. The patient's friends had sent for the Doctor three days too late ; already two small lives were extinct, and the last dim hope of the mother lay in a surgical interference. An operation was performed, after sterilizing instruments in a cooking pot by the light of a fire of sticks on the mud floor, the nurse giving chloroform for the first time. But it was too late and, at about two a.m., the patient died. We sat on till the first dim light appeared, for out-of-doors we feared wolves in the dark, and a strange experience it was. On one side of the 593
room the corpse covered with sacking and filthy sheepskin, 764
near the fire on the floor quietly sobbing, was the unkempt, shaggy, ragged husband, who, for all his uncouth appearance, had exhibited the most extraordinary tenderness and patience with his suffering wife ; near the stove his mother-in-law, a wrinkled old hag, who wailed intermittently. On the further side of the stove hens nestled. In the next cold fireless room two children were sleeping, and we were told that downstairs a blind old grandfather had been put in the straw cellar (again the " wrong way round " compared with our hayloft in the West) to keep warm in the horses' fodder. The Ladaki nurse spread her coat, lined with sheepskin in the corner by the stove for her Doctor, and fetched a thick horse-cover for herself. The fire of manure in the stove had gone out, and the two mourners occasionally added sticks to the one on the floor, but the room was bone cold. The family were so poor 511
that they had not offered us even a warm drink during the long, 574 ●
bitter night, though, when they thought we were drowsing,

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571 they themselves took a little barley-and-water soup. Nor
574 was there a cup from which we should have cared to drink, so our supper consisted of one and a half buns each, which the Memsahib had hastily crammed into a pocket. As soon as it was light enough to see, we crept out of that chamber of death into the crisp freshness of the morning air, leaving our ponies and saddlebags to be sent afterwards, and made our way over the hard snow to the nurse's home, which happened
513 fortunately to be in the same village. Here, then, we roused the family from where they slept, all together in the big kitchen-room. The old grandmother was in the cosy corner, cuddling up a little grandchild, and other members had their bedding on the floor round the room, the head of the house
574 and his wife being in an adjacent chamber. The latter was soon blowing the bellows, and the nurse made a hot native soup for the Doctor Memsahib; and how welcome it was with its tiny wormlike rolls of flour and water in the steaming
264 broth. Later on chupattis and butter-tea were prepared for the family breakfast, which was served about nine o'clock, the women clustering near the big stove, the men warming themselves round a fire of sticks kindled on the floor near by, and the head of the home doing a little spinning as he waited for
572 his meal. In this establishment the old grandmother, a widow, had been assigned separate rooms in the house, so that
428 she could live quite independently if she pleased. It is quite usual when the son of the house marries and has reached years of discretion, for his parents to retire if they wish to do so. Then all the possessions are divided into three parts, the parents retaining one, whilst the other two go to the eldest son. When the parents die, he also gets their share. Finally everything really belongs to the heir, but he is responsible for seeing that the other members of the family have sufficient provision.

264 But before we leave the family group round the fire, let us
565 inquire a little more into the nature of their meals, and some

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of the customs concerned in the partaking thereof. The better class Ladaki always washes his face and hands before eating. The Buddhist also performs his particular kind of grace before meals. First he takes a little of his flour which he throws away for the gods. Then he dips his ring-finger and thumb into his tea or *chang* (beer), and flips a taste of that away for their benefit, too. He uses the ring-finger as he considers this the cleanest of his digits, for man is born with this finger in his nose. If he wishes to stir anything, he uses this same member. If for his meal he has killed a sheep, he is supposed to offer up a bit of its heart, kidney, liver and every part of its flesh to his god. But meat is rather a luxury for the normal household, yet they have many ways of cooking it which are really delicious. When a *dron* or feast is made, the meat is of course, prepared as a very tasty curry to be eaten with rice, the meat being first fried with plenty of cooking-butter and onions, then stirred for hours till it is really tender in a well-flavoured sauce with plenty of vegetables. The rice is served, piled up on enormous plates, each of which two or three guests will attack, unless they have brought their own normal sized plates. The grander ones then eat with small spoons, the man's being a different shape from the woman's, as the latter is double, the second tiny receptacle at one end being for a child. It is not etiquette to finish up what is on the plate—in most cases it would be impossible; the mother especially must take a large portion home for the rest of the family. The feast is usually begun with butter-tea, and, if so, when the plates of rice and meat have been removed, it is quite good manners in some circles to clean out the cup with one's tongue (much more labour-saving than our ways of washing up !), ready to have it filled with stewed dried apricots. After this course, the same cleansing process will prepare the cup for more filling of butter-tea ! "Chupattis," that is, round flat cakes of unleavened bread, are generally served too, and dipped into the apricot juice or the tea. At a very grand

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feast, proceedings may begin with *gyatug*, a dish of long vermicelli-like strips of flour-paste over which mincemeat in a nicely flavoured sauce is poured. Meat is also minced and made into delicious little dumplings, called *mok mok*, or well-flavoured and rolled up into sausages, which are eaten with rice—in fact in a rich house, after the plates of rice have been served, many kinds of subsidiary dishes are handed round with meat done up in different ways, sauces and vegetables, the last often soured. For a *dron* an experienced cook is hired to take charge of all the culinary operations, usually a Mussulman, otherwise one of the women of the house superintends the kitchen. But in the villages where there are no butcher shops, and a sheep is killed only occasionally, the staple food is butter-tea and barley-flour, varied with all sorts of vegetables prepared in several ways. The poorest people mix the flour in water just as it is, eating it out of cheap little wooden cups with their fingers.

An ordinary middle class family will breakfast on butter-tea and small breads, raised with leaven called *kambir* ; at midday they will have more tea, and perhaps chupattis with a sauce of vegetables, mixed with buttermilk, while in the evening, tea may or may not be served again with flour kneaded into a paste in some form or other, and mixed with meat well stewed in a broth.

More usually as the hot tea is drunk, the butter floating on the top is blown to one side, and after many cups a nice little residue is left with which to mix up the raw flour with the aid of a finger.

In summer when milk is more plentiful, its various products are much used as a food. The milk is collected into a large pot at night and warmed, some sour buttermilk being added to make it curdle. The pot is then covered with garments and blankets so as to maintain the blood-heat for proper fermentation. Some of it may be set aside to eat as *zho*, this being a kind of junket, only less insipid, especially when well

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643 might wish to be busy elsewhere. Understanding that they would prefer our room to our company, we again wended our way down the hill. During our short stay in the room of enthronement, no ceremonies whatever were performed, and no word was spoken. There sat the *Skushog* and the new King like two graven images. We asked them what they did to crown their King, and they replied that he was allowed to sit on a throne as high as that of the *Shushog*. But we could not help feeling that the haste with which they got rid of us indicated that we were not to see the real ritual, as the influence of our Occidental presences would not be auspicious, yet we appreciated the friendly spirit which did not wish to omit us entirely from their important celebrations.

643 574 The Royal ladies, too, have always given a welcome to visitors from Western lands, whether it be the missionary "Memsahibs," who live in Leh all the year round, or the summer travellers who may be taken to pay their respects to the reigning house at Stog.

When the family come to Leh for their winter visit, their presence being necessary at the great festivals of the New Year and *Dosmoche*, we usually go up to the castle to pay them a call. We first inquire if it would be convenient for us to come on a given afternoon, sending a present of a cabbage, turnip or some potatoes, all of which are real luxuries in this part of the world, and hardly-grown at all outside our own [352] and the Commissioner's compounds. The time having been fixed, we are led into the sitting-room of the two Queens, and take our seats near them on nice Tibetan rugs, well-padded underneath. The little princesses, aged about two and seven on the last occasion, were very interested in the foreign ladies and the baby especially was delighted at receiving a rubber doll with a squeak. Butter-tea, of course, was served, and a special brand of sweet shortbread made in the royal household provided. Once when we went down to Kashmir, the old Queen Mother kindly sent over a dozen of these, wrapped in a

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643 bit of Indian newspaper to help us on the road, while her
• 574 daughter-in-law sent a request for some mercury (called in Tibetan "silver water") for what purpose we could not gather, and also asked if we could refill for her a bottle of scented hair oil. Once the two Queens repaid our winter call, and came to visit us in the compound. In the morning they sent down to know if we would kindly provide a magic lantern show by way of an entertainment, for they knew the Mission possessed such an instrument, but in the Doctor's house we had other resources, for a Christmas tree had been made for the children, and we had this illuminated for our visitors. Removing all central furniture, we arranged little tables in front of small rugs and mats round the room, and, what with the ladies-in-waiting and attendant lamas, every place was filled, and our small room soon needed airing. On the tables we could only provide dry food, such as apricots, sugar, sweets, walnuts and sultanas, for they would not partake of anything we had cooked, and with our gramophone to entertain them, our guests seemed to enjoy their evening. We had to explain carefully of course, that the lighted Christmas tree was not an object of worship, but put up for the children's pleasure, while our Christian Hospital nurse briefly told our Christmas story as illustrated by little picture cards hung from the tree. But perhaps the greatest thrill of the evening was a tour of the sahib's house, where the bed-rooms and kitchen, and the baby sleeping quietly alone in the dark, caused the greatest interest.

643 · The castle of Leh, however, is not the usual abode of their
644 Majesties, the King is in residence there only during the first Buddhist month of the year, and on other special occasions, and when the waters of the village where he resides in summer are all frozen, and must be melted before using. At other times he has his quarters in the castle of Stog, which lies a three hours' ride from Leh on the opposite side of the Indus.

643 When Zorowar conquered the great-grandfather of the present
651 young King, he banished him there, and since then Stog is

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

643 the only village from which he is allowed to take the revenue.
651 His whole income has been computed at about Rs4000, approximately £260 per annum, which leaves little margin to
644 one who is still supposed to entertain on a royal scale. His castle stands on the side of the hill ending a spur from the main range ; it is entered through a court-yard, through which, up various steps, we reach a large room—the royal living room.
[778] In one corner is the King's altar, next to that a bed with bedding rolled up. This is where his Majesty seeks repose,
643 while his Queen and his Mother sleep on the floor. We are
● 574 received by the King, who shakes both our hands. The two ladies, too, give us a hearty welcome, first the elder, whose cataract we had extracted some years ago, and then the younger. We are requested to sit on rugs spread on the floor, and soon have various Ladaki dishes placed before us, most of them very tasty, even to Western appetites, although we can hardly include the butter-tea in this category. Conversation flows easily, for there is much to say and many
[593] questions to ask and answer. Among other things the reigning Queen informs us that her husband has no head for figures, so that she has to be the business manager, and she certainly looked capable of seeing to the temporal affairs of the
643 realm. When it comes to those of a spiritual nature, however,
793 his lady has to leave the leadership to him, and the number of
[791] his ecclesiatical responsibilities is quite considerable. Before the New Year, the horologist has to tell him of dangers to come, and to advise him what scriptures must be read to
788 avoid them. Every month, for six days at least, the lamas
792 must read *chos* (religion), and must be fed with two pots of tea, soup containing wheaten flour, two earther ware pots of beer, twenty measures of parched barley-flour, besides one pound of butter to decorate the offerings which are made of
[784] barley-flour, and ¼ lb. of oil for their lamps. On the 15th and 18th of every month, no meat may be eaten, or the *lhus* (spirits of the underworld) will be annoyed. From

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

where American marigolds sometimes blossom. Once, to finish the picture, we glimpsed a bent little old lama who peeped out of the attic and over the window boxes, and saw for a moment the elfin grey locks and untidy whiskers of his hatless old monkish face, the fittest possible inhabitant of that grotesque little corner.

There was one more interesting little visit to be paid. Meme Lobzang actually consented to show us his own private compartments. There were eight of us, and the lamas had some whispered consultation as to whether we should all get in. Across the court-yard and up some steps to the right of the main entrance, under the valanced doorway, through a small vestibule in which we noticed a fascinating copper water pot, we entered a tiny room looking down towards Leh. We could just manage to sit down on the floor, the interested lamas peering in and watching our every movement with amused curiosity. The floor was covered with small mats over felt ones. The *Slobdpon's* chief resting place and probably his bed, was rather more padded, and covered with an orange felt. He sat with his back to the small latticed window, a low tiny table in front, and at his side a higher one on which were sundry portraits, one of their Majesties, the King and Queen, one of the Dalai Lama, and one of the *Skushog* of Hemis in his festival dancing dress with high hat and overskirt of human bones, taken by the Doctor Sahib. A pickle bottle held a bunch of green from the shrub in the court-yard, and at the side was a low open bowl of rose petals. A small god like a doll, and a pot of charming design, the latter unfortunately dressed in lady-like petticoats, were also noticed, besides a printing frame, and another tiny god of doll's house size. Behind him on the windowsill sundry writing materials, religious books, and small ceremonial utensils lay about, a coloured portrait of the late King Edward hung on another wall; in fact every corner of the room was used, yet the effect was clean and tidy. Stuffy it could not help being with so many visitors, and, after taking

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

a dried apricot each (to dispose of later on by some other means than the mouth), from a plateful which he presented to us, we rose to go. On the way out he invited us to see his kitchen, another tiny, but tidy little apartment, with its cooking vessels clean and neatly arranged, and its low roof shiny with the polish of years of smoke. These rooms had not been tidied up for our reception, yet they completed the pleasant impression of order and cleanliness he had already given us, and it was with a real respect for the benevolent old gentleman that we bade him adieu, and passed down by the iris-bordered corn-fields in the soft evening light to our homes.

574 346 792

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

some vegetables from the garden, and the man went off in high glee at the success of his expedition.

The next morning we were asked whether the *Skushog* of Trigtse might call upon us. We hastily arranged for an interpreter, for our Superintendent was away, and we were all new to the country; moreover, our guest's language of Central Tibet was quite a different dialect from that of Ladak. He duly arrived, dressed in his official robes and attended by two or three lamas, and was invited into the drawing-room. But he lingered in the hall, and to the Doctor's surprise began to undress. This process continued to such an alarming extent that he was led into the study. Two other ladies had just called to go out with the Memsahib, and great was the surprise of all three when the drawing-room door opened, and the *Skushog* entered. He wore the helmet-like topee, a Chinese type of frock-coat with paired pin-tucks across the back, brown trousers, a pair of bright yellowish socks, and some Chinese-looking attempts at European shoes. Invited to a chair, and the interpreter called, he entered into friendly talk. He announced among other things that he would like to become a Christian, but we did not take this seriously, and pointed out that he could not do that and retain his wealth and power as a *Skushog*. He then intimated that he would like to stay the night, a rather awkward proposition with our limited accommodation, but we said we could give him the verandah. His lamas whispered anxiously together and let him know it was time to go. Meanwhile they had boiled some tea for him on a little fire outside our kitchen in his own pots, as he must not take food of our cooking. After this the Doctor offered him a cigarette, not knowing in his ignorance of the country that it was against the rules. The *Skushog* made violent signs to him to withdraw into the study again, where, away from the eyes of the lamas, he enjoyed his smoke thoroughly. The latter were at last able to get him to go, and withdrew him on to the verandah where he changed

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

792 back into his priestly vestures, which, needless to say,
159 suited him far better. Before he finally retired to change
●574 into them, he straightened himself and squared his shoulders, in order to show us that he also possessed a waistcoat ; but, alas ! between the bottom of that garment and the top of his trousers was a hiatus in which his holy brown body was disclosed. Short of stature, with a strong convergent squint, and scarred by small-pox, indisputable signs of his being the true re-incarnation of his predecessors, for he was sure that he himself had never had small-pox since this re-birth, the foreign clothes hardly showed him off to advantage. The next occasion on which he visited us he retained his *Skushog's* garb and had a photograph taken of himself and his suite, the incongruous element being that his most intimate servant was not a lama, but a Mussulman with short hair and a Tibetan cap with four fur-lined flaps.

After his first call, we took the opportunity of a day's holiday to ride over to Trigtse and visit him. We found him encamped in a *bagh* below and about a mile away from the monastery, in a gorgeous tent with nice camp furniture. We ourselves had brought a picnic lunch, at which he elected to join us. The Memsahib was much amused to find that for her first attempt at meat patties, she had put sugar into the pastry instead of salt, but the *Skushog* seemed to find this quite to his taste, and enjoyed them immensely. Afterwards we all repaired to the monastery, riding our ponies up the steep ascent, and he showed us over it, including all his own private apartments.

792 But things soon began to go wrong and all sorts of rumours
159 reached Leh. The *Skushog* declared in public that he did
771 not believe in his own office or his religion. When the common people knelt as he rode past, instead of placing his hand on their heads in benediction, he boxed their ears. He had no reverence for the holy property of the monastery, but sold many of its treasures to any good bidder ; he also had the

240 Introduction to the Hemis Mystery Play

796 The date of the Hemis festival falls in our calendar at any time between the beginning of June and the middle of July. 361 The later it falls, the more European spectators are enabled to 197 get over the Zogi Pass in time to see it. Hemis monastery lies in the foothills on the south side of the Indus one-and-a-half marches from Leh, and is reached by a good road on either side of the river. Crossing the latter at the cantilever bridge, some four miles below Leh, at the side of which is a pleasant little *bagh* for picknicking or camping, the road skirts the upper edge of the prolonged village of Chushod, towards the further end of which are camping grounds. Then it passes over a long bare plain to another *bagh*, a welcome oasis in the desert, whence the path turns up across the hill to [178] the right. Hemis itself is hidden from the valley behind a spur of mountains, but the gorge in which it lies is indicated by the long *mani* walls and white *chortens* which line the [244] approach. Rounding the corner of this spur of hills, the eye is met by the usual series of terraced fields and the end of a long belt of trees, which fills up the narrowing gorge. Behind the mountains rise in ridges of well-marked strata, backed finally by rugged upright pinnacles on which the sunlight and shade play with fantastic beauty. As the road nears the monastery each turn reveals increasing fascination of brown rugged rock and green tree, and, above all, of quaint *chorten* with red-ringed superstructure above white pudding-like base, until at last the *dGonpa* itself comes into view, a long, rather low building, with the usual goblin-like dwellings of the village climbing up the hill at the side. The belt of trees keeps on the further side of the central stream, and at the time of the festival its enclosure is dotted about with wild rose trees, pink with blossom, a strange suggestion of the English ●574 countryside in this wild land of bare mountain tops. It is in this enclosure that the *Skushog* or Abbot allows his European visitors to pitch their camps, and even provides luxurious, spacious tents of his own for the more favoured guests, who

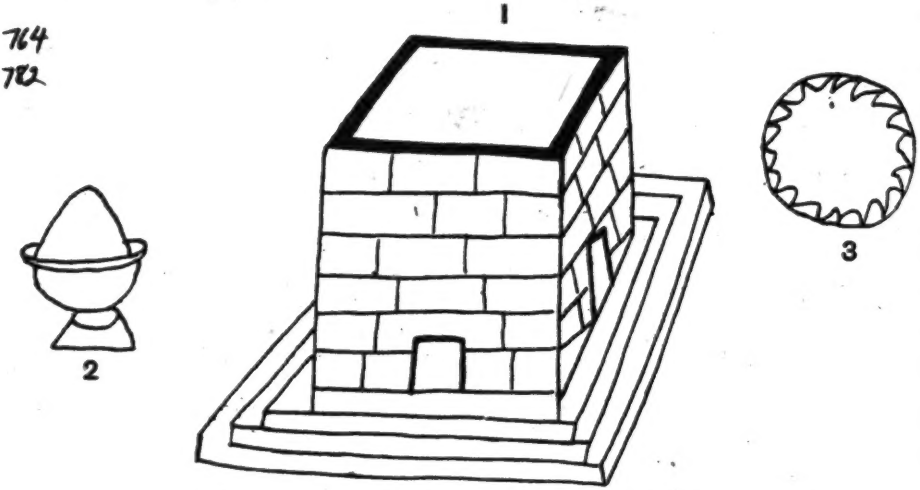
13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

574 are personally invited by him. At the lower end of the wood he has lately built a guest-house on the plan of the bungalows inhabited by the missionaries in Leh. On the side furthest from the road, directly opposite the monastery, the wood ends abruptly on the bare hillside of rock and stone. Climbing to a good vantage point on this, a delightful spot can be found to listen to the monastic evensong, and watch the shadows steal over the vast expanse of the river and valley spread out below.

Though the spur of hills cuts off the main Indus valley to the left, beyond it rises tier after tier of great bare lonely mountain tops, overwhelming in their immense majesty. Behind even these giants, the clouds lift to disclose still greater heights of everlasting snow. Truly one has now the impression of having arrived on "the roof of the world." In the valleys below, the lights and shades chase across hill and plain, and, as the moon comes up in the cloud-flecked sky behind and pursues her slow path through the white wind driven masses, the strangest wraith-like forms seem to rise and pass below. At first they appear to be white clouds tucked down between the lesser hills, but, as they move to and fro, it becomes evident that it is merely the effect of the moonlight between the passing clouds thrown on to the sandy spaces. Then across the stillness of that great expanse, hitherto only broken by the stream coursing down between the trees some way below and the breezes rustling their leaves, comes the strangest music, slowly rising in pitch and increasing in tone till the hills take hold of it, and roll its reverberations on among themselves, achieving an effect weird and fascinating beyond description. Turning in the direction of the sound, one sees to the left, in the darkness only, the faint outlines of the monastery building with dim lights shining in its windows, while other tiny ones twinkle fitfully in the quaint habitations merging into the hillside, whose queer ridged stratification is faintly perceptible, but one knows that on the roof of the

20: Asboe M-S (no date) 1938 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Ladak

796 782 On the 1st day of the 11th month, each household makes a dough effigy of an ibex (*Skyin*), a cake of unleavened bread with its edges turned up and inwards (*Pe-Rak*), parched barley flour placed in a wooden flour bowl (*Pe-Pud*) is prepared. A vessel of beer (*Nang-mChod*) and one of water (*Chu-Pud*) are also placed alongside of all these offerings, the whole being laid on a shelf in the apartment for three days.



1. *Dur-Kung*. An earthen cremating oven set up on a plinth of earth. There is an aperture on each of the four sides to allow of ventilation, and ensuring a draught so as to expedite the burning of the corpse which is placed in it in a doubled up posture. The whole is made of dried mud bricks. 2. *Pe-Pud*. An offering of flour. 3. *Pe-Rak*. A cake of unleavened bread with edges turned inwards.

796 574 685 Friends, relations, and neighbours now call on each other carrying with them small vessels of beer and 5, 7, or 9 breads (the taking of six breads being contra-indicated). The children of the village in the meantime make a house to house collection of meat, bread, and other eatables. Whilst the housewife is engaged in producing the food thus claimed, a diversion is afforded when the children surreptitiously steal the *Skyin*, *Pe-Rak*, *Pe-Pud*, *Nang-mChod*, and the *Chu-Pud*, though receiving their ration of food from the incautious housewife.

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Lahul

595 who are predominantly Buddhist in Lahul follow the custom, the Hindu
795 Brahmins of the Chandra-Bhaga valley finding it most repugnant to do so.

595 It was difficult to discover if the Thakurs were polyandrous or not.
631 As Tibetans and Buddhists, they should follow this system of matrimony since it is part of their culture. They have, however, come very much under Hindu influence with the past conquests of Kulu, and I have related how, since that time, they like to consider themselves Rajputs. For this reason, they denied to me that they were polyandrous, but I found it hard to take them at their word. Probably, they carry on with this arrangement in private, when no inconvenient witnesses are about to hold it against them as high caste, Kshatriya Hindus.

595 No sooner had I arrived in Kyelang and met the Wazir, Thakur Partap Chand, than the latter, on being informed of what I was looking for, took me straight along to a polyandrous family that he knew in the town. It was on the 21st of June, 1938, and to me, this remained a memorable day, for here at last, after hearing so much about it, was polyandry as I was seeking it.

The household to which I was taken was one called Barun-pa, and it was situated in the upper (northern) part of Kyelang. We went there
[342] at five o'clock in the afternoon and, after walking down narrow streets between mud walls, we entered through a doorway into a courtyard and climbed up by a narrow staircase onto a terrace on the first floor outside a large room, which appeared to be the living quarters of the family.

A young man was introduced as Sönam (*bSod-Nams*), twenty one years old, head of the house of Barun-pa since the death of his father.
[341] He was dressed in a long, yellow silk gown and wore a small Lahuli cap on his head. This made him out to be a person of somewhat better means than most, and since his house was not situated on any *jaghir* land of any of the Thakurs, his was presumably a *khalsa khoti* holding.

[352] He took us to some stools in a corner in front of a small wooden
[574] table and asked us to sit down and take some tea. While waiting, using the Thakur as interpreter, I learned that Sönam was married to a young girl aged seventeen, who was also the wife of his two brothers. The ages of the latter, I was surprised to hear, were eight and ten respectively. His mother was still alive, and lived in the same house with them all.

It was not the mother, however, who came along with the tea. The young wife did this, and my notes have a description of the finery that she wore and the jewels that she had on. Sönam said that he, and not his parents, had chosen her. She was from a neighbouring village, and

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Lahul

595 601 brothers called Tseten and Tashi Norbu, who had originally been married together with them to a common wife. With her they had had one son, Chömpel, an albino, now about 18 years old. He still lived in the Karpa house, groping about like a blind man in the daylight, as I was to see on another occasion. With the death of their common wife, the two elder men went each their own way, and married into other families, as shown in the genealogy. The two younger men remained in sole possession of the Karpa house and were remarried polyandrously to a new wife. It was after Tsering Tashi had brought back a wife for himself from a trip to another part of Lahul that this formerly common wife became exclusively that of the younger man, Dön-drup, as described above. Was this state of affairs in this household a sign that polyandry was breaking up in Lahul? I wondered at the time, and questioned the Thakur on this point during the conversation.

595 [594] When we entered the Karpa house, the wife of Dön-drup (who had formerly been both his and his elder brother's common wife) sprinkled tea with a branch of juniper on the floor ahead of us as a gesture of welcome. Thakur Partap Chand thanked her with folded hands and [988] recited some *mantra* (religious formula) before stepping onto the wet places.

595 762 [795] To my question as to how many were polyandrous in the valley of Lahul, the Wazir replied that forty households out of a total of sixty, in Kyelang alone, practised polyandry. And this included Christian families too, he said, who, of course, were not polyandrous. In the capital at least, there was thus a proportion of three to one who lived in polyandry, and there appeared to be every reason to believe that this same figure held good for the whole area in which Lahulis of Tibetan cultural affinity were to be found. Consequently there seemed to be no grounds for believing that polyandry was breaking up.

595 198 Asked about signalling at the door when one of the husbands was occupied with the common wife, the Thakur told me that this used to be done in "ancient days", when the man left his hat or his beads at the door to show that he was inside. It was not done any longer, he assured me.

595 428 I enquired what a *mag-pa* was, since that was a word that was used to denote the status taken by the two elder brothers who, some time back, had married into other houses at the death of the first common wife whom they all shared. I received a rather confused explanation at the time which I did not very well undertsand, and it was only a few days later, when talking with the Reverend F. A. Peter, that it was

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Lahul

In his own family, the Thakur told me that the rule of primogeniture was observed. He, as his father's eldest son, inherited the entire *garhpan*, and his younger brothers – known as *nono* (*No-no*) – were maintained by him as long as they lived with him. He denied that they practised polyandry in his caste (and I accepted his statement with the reservations which I have made earlier on), and assured me that younger brothers only remained at home as long as they did not marry. They did not have access to his wife, he said, and when they had found the girl of their choice, they received a small allotment upon which they had to maintain themselves and their family. Very quickly their descendants became like other landholders of a *jagir khoti*, and had to render services, or pay rent instead, to the Thakur.

Despite his denial that polyandry was practised by the Thakurs, the Wazir was very informative as to how it functioned with others. Each brother, he said, had his own room in the family house, as did the wife too. Occasionally, she lived with the eldest brother, in his room. In winter, when it was cold, in order to save fuel, they all lived in one, heated room, without any privacy. Asked if houses communicated with each other, my informant said that they did not, but that in winter, when the snow lay deep on the ground and the streets were impassable, everyone went from house to house by way of the roofs. There were trap doors above to let oneself in when the main entrance was blocked up in front by snow. Winter lasted eight months, he said.

Asked what the rules were in Lahul for sharing the common wife in a family, Partap Chand said that there were none. All brothers, he assured me, have an equal right to the woman, and access to her is very much a question of tacit and tactful understanding between the men. The old signalling method of leaving hat or beads at the door was definitely not resorted to any longer, and a capable wife was quite able to to put the weight of her influence into the balance by distributing her favours equally and fairly. Frequently, one brother remained at home, alone with the wife, while the others went off in turn on trading expeditions. Jealousy did sometimes arise, as was inevitable, and in such cases separation was nearly always the outcome of the situation. The family then had to divide up the property, and became less well off in consequence. For this reason, interest effectively checked the appearance of jealousy, as it was a luxury which could not very well be afforded by the ordinary Lahuli.

Children, "like the fields" as he put it, are the joint property of the house. No distinction is made as to who is the physiological father,

2: Biscoe M-3 (1890-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri
W. Tibetans AV4

CHAPTER XVII

A TRIP TO LADAKH (*continued*)

SOME little time before we reached Mulbe we had heard noises like the bellowings of the bulls of Bashan, for they seemed to be more than ordinary bellowings. As we turned the corner we heard other sounds, such as the beating of drums and cymbals and squealing flageolets, and then came into view the monastery band. The monks were dressed up in their best red garments, with most curious and awe-inspiring headgear, consisting of huge red-cloth helmet-looking erections which gave the band a very smart and martial appearance. The trumpets which bellowed and brayed so loudly were of copper, about seven or eight feet in length, truly colossal.

Then came the abbot of the monastery with his following of monks, together with the great people of Mulbe, to welcome the Commissioner Sahib. They brought presents of food and large jugs of home-made cider, called "chang."

At Mulbe there is an inscription of King Ides abolishing living sacrifices. This was not, however, obeyed, and the people continued to sacrifice goats before the pre-Buddhist altars, tearing out the heart of the living animal. (See Dr E. F. Neve's book, *Beyond the Pir Punjal.*)

In the afternoon we were entertained by a game of polo, for every big village has its polo ground, which is generally kept in good order, the grass being kept green by irrigation.

2: Biscoe M-3 (1890-ca, 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri
W. Tibetans A14

CHAPTER XVIII

A TRIP TO LADAKH (*continued*)

792 LET us now visit a monastery. As usual, as we
788 approached Lamauru, we were met by much
574 noise and dust. The monastery band evidently
346 was on the war-path, from the terrific braying and tom-tomming that greeted us, and the crowd of monastery dignitaries and village magnates kicked up much dust as they approached. We were taken round the monastery by the head ecclesiastic. We climbed the stone stairway to the monastery, which, as usual, was situated on the top of a cliff, built on to and into it in such a way that it was not easy to see where rock ended and the building commenced. Along the side of the stairway were rows of prayer wheels let into the wall, which we set spinning in the orthodox manner. At least I hope we did spin them the right and not the wrong way. I think we must have spun them round the right way, for our journey was prosperous. The chapel was full of interesting objects, and one did not know quite what to look at, for there seemed to be, and there was, such a crowd of interesting objects which I had never seen before.
353 The building was like a hall, the roof supported by
778 wooden pillars, with a gallery all round, from which hung a profusion of silk banners of Chinese design, chiefly dragons. On one side of the hall was a row of coloured figures, life-size, of Buddha and sainted lamas, which were arrayed in rich silks. Before each figure was a table or altar of very curious design, coloured with

A Trip to Ladakh

fat; grease pervaded the atmosphere, in fact everything the monks touched, for they were filthily dirty, their red garments being more or less black with grease. Fortunately their heads were shorn. They seemed to be a happy lot of brothers, always ready to laugh and joke, in fact, just like the pictures of the monks of the West in days gone by.

There are nuns who live in separate buildings. Many of them are so like the monks that it is difficult to tell one from the other, at least to an unpractised eye, as the following incident will show.

A few days later I was in Leh with Dr Neve. He was in the hospital helping people to get well quickly. I stayed outside to try and cheer up the patients who were waiting their turn outside, as many of them seemed to be rather nervous and frightened. I noticed one person who seemed to look very depressed, who I thought was a monk and not living up to his usual jovial self, so I poked him in the ribs and told him to cheer up, when a voice called out to me from behind, but too late: "Take care what you are doing, for that lady is a nun." It was a Moravian missionary who spoke too late. Well, I did all that an English gentleman could do. I apologised most humbly, but the nun would not have any, and I failed to cheer her up.

Well, our triumphal march to the capital, Leh (a town with a population of 3000 in the winter, which grows to 6000 in the summer, when all the traders from east and west come in), was as entertaining as it was interesting. Monastery bands, town bands, feasts and polo matches succeeded one another, but the reception given to the Commissioner Sahib at Leh was the culmination of great doings. Seven miles from Leh, in the valley of the Indus, a large sandy plain, there met us a great cavalcade of

2: Biscoe M-3 (1830-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri
W. Tibetans AJ4

A Trip to Ladakh

574 grand folk dressed in most weird costumes, uncommonly like a well-got-up pantomime.

574 291 793 There were men dressed in Chinese silks, with their smart blue and gold caps with tassels, Ladakhi officials of various grades, from the Joint-Commissioner, a fine-looking Mohammedan, to his fat babu who sat on his pony like a monkey, his stirrups being so short that his knees and fat stomach met. But the figure which took my fancy was the church dignitary; he resembled for all the world Cardinal Wolsey risen from the dead. He wore a scarlet cloak which fell over the pony's back and almost touched the ground, and he sported ye old cardinal's hat. I never saw him smile, which was in contrast to all the others, who seemed to be out for a holiday. Whether he was upset about not having his proper position in the cavalcade, or whether he had the stomach-ache is uncertain, or maybe his cardinal's hat was uncomfortable. It certainly was hardly the sort of hat I should have chosen to ride in. Perhaps his dignity did not allow him to show his feelings. Anyway, everybody except the cardinal seemed to be in good fettle after their morning's ride. We all fell into some sort of order and rode for the capital.

361 574 533 526 You can see Leh from some miles distant as it is built up the side of the rocks, with the palace and monastery towering above. Leh is 11,700 feet above sea-level, so one needs a little time in which to get acclimatised.

When we arrived through the fine gateway into the main street we found both sides lined with H.H. the Maharajah's troops and the crowds of citizens behind them. The monastery band was in full view on the roof of one 574 of the buildings and made the usual joyful sound. This 526 main street of shops has a fine avenue of poplar-trees,

2: Biscoe M-3 (1890-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri
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w. Tibetans

A Trip to Ladakh

W.T. 574 526

which gives most grateful shade in the hot summer weather.

As it is very broad, it is the polo ground. It seemed most strange to see the players dashing up and down the main street, often hitting the ball into the shops. Fortunately the shops in Leh do not possess glass windows, otherwise polo in that street would be an expensive amusement.

K 648

Captain Trench was finally escorted to the Residency, which was a two-storeyed stone building in quite a nice garden. There is not a great selection of trees in Leh, poplars and willows being all that I remember seeing in this part of Ladakh, but in lower Ladakh there are apricot, apple and pear trees.

The Commissioner's chief duty is to look after the traders' interests on this main caravan road from India to Central Asia, Yarkand, Turkestan and to China.

W.T. 797

I went to the Moravian missionaries, who had kindly invited Dr E. F. Neve and myself to stay with them. They have been doing a great and useful work here for many years, by means of hospital, schools, and visiting the people in their homes. They had then a congregation of about thirty Christians.

The history of one of them with whom I was connected for some years is interesting. A certain monk in a monastery in Nubra was dying, and he sent for one of the missionaries whom he knew to visit him. Nubra Valley is some fifty miles from Leh over the other side of the Kardang Pass, 17,400 feet high.

The missionary went at once, and was in time to see him before he died. The monk told him that he heard the Gospel through the preaching of the missionaries, and believed in Christ as his Saviour, but had not been bold enough to confess openly on account of the persecution